

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten where the inside of a Church is made of, I am a pepper corne, a brewer's horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villainous company hath beene the spoile of me.

*Bar.* Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you can not liue long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdie song, make mee merry. I was as vertuously giuen, as a gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, did not aboute seuen times a weeke, went to a bawdy house, not aboute once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needs bee out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, sir Iohn.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and ile amend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the lanterne in the poope, but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, ile bee sworn, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple, for there hee is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giue to vertue, I would sweare by thy face; my othe should bee, By this fire that Gods Angell. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the sonne of viter darkenesse. When thou ranst vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not thinke, thou hadst bin an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlasting bon-fire light, thou hast saued me, a thousand Marks in Links, and Torchés, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the sacke, that thou hast drunke mee, would haue bought mee lights as good cheape, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* Godamercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnt.

How

How now, dame Partlet the h  
yet who pick't my pocket?

*Hof.* Why sir Iohn, what d  
thinke I keepe thee vnes in my h  
quired, so has my husband, ma  
seruant: the tight of a haire, wa

*Fals.* Ye lie, Holtesse, Bar  
haire: and ile be sworne, my p  
woman, go.

*Hof.* Who, I? No, I desie the  
in mine owne house before.

*Fals.* Goto, I know you we

*Hof.* No, sir Iohn, you do n  
sir Iohn, you owe me money, fi  
rell to beguile me of it: I boug  
backe.

*Fals.* Doulas, filthy doulas.  
kers, wimes, they haue made b

*Hof.* Now as I am a true wo  
owe money here besides, sir I  
ings, and money lent you xxii

*Fals.* He had his part of it,

*Hof.* He? alas, he is poore, h

*Fal.* How? poore: looke vpo  
them coyne his nose, let them  
denyer: what, will you make a  
mine ease in mine lunc, but I l  
lost a seale ring of my grandfa

*Hof.* O Iesu! I haue heard t  
how oft, that that ring was copp

*Fals.* How? the prince is a l  
were here, I would cudgell him

Enter the prince marching  
playing vpon his t

*Fals.* How now, lad? is the  
we all march?

*Bar.* Yea, two, and two, N

*Hof.* My Lord, I pray you